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LIFE. 1889 NEW YEARS.



NUMBER

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She: PERHAPS YOU ARE MISTAKEN ABOUT THAT. IT MIGHT BE SHE IS NEVER IN WHEN YOU CALL.

WHAT THEY RESOLVED.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—To wait till the clouds roll by.

ALL REPUBLICANS—To remain quietly in their homes and let the offices seek them instead of their seeking the offices.

FATHER MCGLYNN—To become the mugwump candidate at the next papal election.

MANAGER ABBEY—To use the Banting system for the reduction of his enlarged head.

BELVA—To remember that

She who runs and fights away,
The President may be some day.

THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA—To desist from its giddiness and wild debauchery with a view to becoming some day a sober and quiet community.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS—To have their trousers built without hip-pockets.

HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS—To become a space writer on a daily newspaper and thereby increase his income.

JAY GOULD—To use no water except for drinking and bathing.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT—To be governed entirely by the princi-

ples of Civil Service Reform, making only so many removals as shall give an office to every Republican who shall desire one.

JOHANN MOST—To bathe twice a year, whether he needs it or not.

DAVID B. HILL—To write a book on "Demagogism as a Fine Art."

HON. THOMAS P. OCHILTREE—To read the history of Ananias and Sapphira every night before going to bed.

GROVER CLEVELAND—To remember that

"Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray
From a base world at last have stolen away;
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL—To abandon his pagan cheerfulness, and replace it with some good, old-fashioned Christian gloom.

HUGH J. GRANT—To be Mayor of New York instead of General Spoils Agent for Tammany Hall.

CHARLES A. DANA—To go to Whitechapel and give himself up.

JAMES G. BLAINE—To ask the new administration only for that part of the United States lying south of the North Pole.

Metcalfe.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. and XI., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THERE is no more worthy charity than that for which appeal is made by the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of this city. Whatever ideas men may hold as to the giving or withholding of alms from the able-bodied poor, there can be no question among humane people whether or not the sick poor deserve consideration at the hands of their more fortunate fellow-beings. Every day we read in the newspapers of terrible accidents that occur in this city, in nine-tenths of the cases a workingman or woman being the victim. These misfortunes are more often the result of the carelessness or culpability of employers than they are the fault of the victim, or else they arise out of the necessarily dangerous conditions of certain employments. A Christian community, in giving its Christmas alms, should not fail to remember bountifully the unfortunates who are suffering in the hospitals.

A WRITER in our brilliant young contemporary, *America*, discusses in a pessimistic frame of mind, the opportunities of "Rich Men's Sons," *apropos* of certain remarks of ours concerning the existence and spread of Anglomania. This writer is convinced that rich men's sons in this country are driven to ape the follies and cultivate the fads of foreign aristocrats because there is naught else left for them to do. He declares that they are kept out of the pursuits that education and breeding fit men for by the very circumstance that their fathers are wealthy. The army, the navy, the civil service, and the legislature, the Chicago critic believes to be barred from the sons of the rich, and easier of access to the progeny of the ward politician and his henchmen. The pessimist says:

"Debarred from recognition at home, and denied the position he is entitled to by breeding and education, is it to be wondered that the rich men and their children form a society of their own, and try to forget the ungratefulness of their country by indulging in sports and amusements which are denounced as un-American? They naturally turn to England, where they see that their prototypes are treated with at least the consideration awarded to their poorer fellow-subjects, and that public careers in the governmental service are there as open to the gentleman as to the political boss."

IF we should take for granted that what the Chicagoan says is true, the resort of young Americans to snobbery, and to the worship of rank and title, and other un-American idols would be none the less reprehensible. Idleness, luxury and extravagance are the natural outcome of an aristocratic form of government, where distinct lines are drawn between caste and caste. The aristocrat has got to show the plebeian that there is something real in the arbitrary distinction that is made between two of the noblest forms of God's creation, by holding himself aloof and indulging in amusements that the other cannot reach. But the tendency of Americanism, as represented in the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence and carried out in the Constitution of the United States, would be found to be directly toward something nobler and higher, if the American of leisure would only study his own form of government rather than that of a country against which his own form of government is a direct protest.

THE American Constitution is founded upon democracy, which is the Religion of Humanity, bound, sooner or later, to evangelize the world. This principle, followed to a logical conclusion by the American of wealth, leisure and intelligence, would infallibly lead him to devote at least a portion of his talents to the welfare of his kind, to the endeavor to hasten the time when the final Brotherhood of Man shall be accomplished. This is the tendency of Americanism, and we doubt not that the natural reaction which must soon follow the present bent of the American toward aristocracy will give real Americanism an impulse. If the sons of rich Americans, with all the advantages derived from wealth and education, have no more force and initiative than leads them to lie down before competition with the sons of poorer men for high place in the affairs of the nation, the poor and the rich are going to change places about every two or three generations—but that is scarcely to be feared. The principles of democracy are too vital and sound to long remain innocuous.

BUT the sons of rich men are not debarred from occupations suited to men of culture and breeding. Indeed, they stand a much better chance in the learned professions, given the same amount of perseverance and application, than the son of the poor man, who is obliged to sacrifice his ambition for the future to the necessities of the present. In science and medicine particularly there are opportunities for rich men who can give their time to researches that poor men, dependent upon their own efforts for a livelihood, cannot afford to make. The rich man's son is just as culpable if he allows his life to go to waste as if his poverty had been an incentive to effort.





FAREWELL AND HAIL.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, in discussing the Republican tariff bill the other day, said that American laborers had homes of their own, with carpets, glass windows and pianos, free schools for their children; all they wanted to eat of good and wholesome food; plenty of time for recreation and study; and everything else that the rich man has. Some laboring men who are living in hovels and whose families are dying of starvation will be glad to know this; and they might very pertinently ask Mr. Edmunds to direct them to their property.

DR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has said, with proper reservations, that if the country got into such a tight fix that nothing would help it except for him to go as its representative to the Court of St. James, he would abandon his present job and go. Since then it has ceased to be a mooted question who would have the British mission. Such a spoiled child of destiny is our Chauncey that no one speaks seriously of giving to any one else any political toy in the gift of the Republican party that he has expressed even a qualified willingness to accept. In common with almost every one who has been heard from, LIFE cordially hopes it may fall to Dr. Depew to hoist the stars and stripes in London. There are two great classes which it is no great trick for an American Minister to England to please. If he is a reasonably clever

man, he can stand well with the English in England and the Americans in America without undue exertion. But if, in addition to that, he would also earn the commendation of the Americans in England and the Irish in America, he must be a prodigy, and he must hustle.

Dr. Depew is prodigious, and he is a hustler, and even as Minister to St. James he may be able to give general satisfaction. Anyhow, we want to see him try!

HE was at the Standard Theatre with two ladies. He was dressed correctly, and his intellectual features wore that vacuous expression much affected by the *haut monde* in public. He gazed at the stage during the first half of the first act with resignation, but without the least indication of consciousness. Finally, he deemed it incumbent upon him to entertain the ladies; and, Mr. Fred Leslie being on the stage as a monk, the gentleman leaned toward his companions as if he would speak. Straightway their eyes forsook the stage and they strained their necks that they might gather what pearls of wisdom fell from his lips. "Cleyvah!" he said, in a tone that indicated that the Gaiety Company might now consider that its trip to America had not been in vain.

"Yes, indeed!" said his fair companions enthusiastically.

He resumed his former position and expression, and the play went on for fifteen minutes more, when a young person of the feminine gender, in black stockings, having performed a dance, he declared:

"It takes cleyvahness to do that, y'know," with the air of the Sphinx delivering itself at last of its secret.

"Doesn't it," responded the ladies with evident admiration of his perspicacity.

The play proceeded until the act ended, when he turned about in his seat and with great sprightliness enquired:

"Don't you think it cleyvah?"

Did they? Well, rather; but his powers of conversation succumbed after that strain, until the middle of the next act, when the many twinkling feet of another footlight fairy induced him to ask:

"Cleyvah, isn't it?"

Then Mr. Charles Darby's personation of an inebriated person, ten minutes afterward, wrenched from the gentleman in the audience the assertion:

"Cleyvah fellah, that," to which his companions fervently assented.

The curtain came down without further incident to this eager trio; and, as he helped the ladies put on their wraps, he asked:

"Really cleyvah, wasn't it?"

And they allowed as how it was.

LOVE, WITH MARGINAL NOTES.



I WROTE some verses on a day,
With pangs of love o'erflowing,
And left them in a careless way
Upon my desk, unknowing.

Sweet Chloe enters all forlorn,
Tho' Strephon loves her dearly;
For Strephon's not to riches born—
To slender wages merely.

Ah, can they marry on a thou—
She sees a likely margin
About the verses that just now
I told my love at large in.

Her pretty head, with figures filled—
She snatches up the paper,
And soon the items all are billed
In columns long and taper.

"A pound of mutton's 20 cents,
And 40 cents for butter,"
Is scrawled across—"the love intense
My lips can never utter."

The price of coal, to some extent,
O'erlaps my "mistress's scorn;"
"\$500 for the rent"
Blots out—"my soul is torn!"

Sweet Chloe, true and tender maid,
How well you dot and carry!
But, Chloe, dear, when all is said,
Oh, does it pay to marry?

W. B. McVickar.

PASSING AWAY THE TIME.

HUSBAND (*getting ready for the theatre*): My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for?

WIFE (*coldly*): To read between the acts.



VERY POORLY EXPRESSED.

THE motto of the wife-hunter should be: A good dame is rather to be chosen than great riches.

JEFFREY HARDEGG'S MISSION.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN THE BEST MANNER OF THE LATE C. DICKENS.

IT was a bitter night. The snow was falling fast, and a chill wind was blowing that whirled the flakes into the faces of the pedestrians and seemed to find its way through the heaviest clothing. The men and women who passed each other on Broadway were shrouded in white, and resembled a throng of hurrying ghosts as they flitted noiselessly under the street-lamps over the soft carpet of snow. The noses of the car-horses were covered with frost, and their drivers beat their breasts with their hands in the attempt to warm their stiffening fingers, or stamped upon the car-platforms as the cold benumbed their feet.

Old Jeffrey Hardegg cursed the weather as he slammed and locked the door of his office, and came out into the storm. He had been in an ill-humor all day, for he had lost a nickel in the bottom of a street-car that morning, and had made up his mind to walk home in consequence in order to equalize his balance-sheet. Not that Jeffrey could not afford to pay five cents to ride home, for he was enormously rich, the banking-house of Hardegg & Co. having a capital that could not be expressed in less than eight figures—but Jeffrey Hardegg was a miser. Although he might have dwelt in princely luxury in a palace on Fifth Avenue, he chose to live in a single room in a cheap boarding-house, and went to bed immediately after dinner, on cold nights, to save the expense of a fire. He revered money to such an extent that he never dared even to think of a bank-Bill, save as a William, and he always took the front seat when he rode down to business in the morning in order to save the interest on his fare while the conductor was walking the length of the street-car.

Just as Jeffrey turned the key in the lock and turned to face the storm, Trinity's chimes rang out upon the air, and the old miser remembered that it was Christmas Eve, and, as the Christmas anniversary to him was merely a day in which he could make no money, because business was suspended, he cursed Christmas as he had cursed the weather. He observed that most of the men who passed him were carrying bundles, and, as he reflected that these were probably holiday presents, he thanked his lucky star that he was not such a fool as they.

He had scarcely beaten his way through the deep snow for a block when a childish voice at his side piped out suddenly:

"*Evening Popgun*, sir? Only one cent! Please buy a paper, Mister. It's the last one I've got."

Jeffrey stopped, for the regular price of the *Popgun* was two cents, and he reflected that if he purchased one for half that amount he would save a cent.

"Here, you little rascal!" he said, "give me that paper, and be sure it's not yesterday's, or I'll have you arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses!"

The fingers of the shivering little wretch who handed him the paper were so benumbed that the penny almost fell into the snow, but there seemed something familiar to the old man in the pinched features of the child.

"Who are you?" he said in harsh, rasping tones. "I've seen you before, somewhere."

"My name is Tommie Goodenough," responded the boy, "and you are Mr. Hardegg," he continued, as he caught sight of the old man's face, "whom I pay our rent to every month."

Jeffrey remembered the face then. The boy was the son of a faithful clerk once in the employ of Hardegg & Co., who had died some two or three years before, leaving a widow and four children. Fortunately, the clerk's life had been insured, so that Mrs. Goodenough had sufficient income to pay the rent of two rooms in one of Jeffrey's tenement-houses, and was enabled to eke out a subsistence by taking in sewing.

"Well," said Jeffrey, "why didn't you come down and pay the rent that was due yesterday?"

Great tears welled into the boy's eyes. "Oh, sir," he said, "dear mamma has been cheated out of her money. We have had to pawn most of the furniture to buy bread, and to-day we have had nothing to eat, for everything that we could pawn or sell is gone. But I must hurry and buy a loaf of bread with the six cents I have made selling papers, and take it home to dear mamma, and little Mamie and Susie and Willie and Maudie."

What was it that suddenly came over Jeffrey Hardegg? It was in a changed tone of voice that he said:

"Take me home with you."

The boy had exaggerated nothing. The cheerless rooms of the tenement-house were almost bare of furniture; there was no fire, and the younger children were crying for food. Jeffrey asked the widow of his faithful clerk a few questions, and then he drew forth a memorandum book and made a note in it.

"You will hear from me in the morning," he said, and was gone.

But Jeffrey did not go home at once after leaving the house, but turned off in another direction. For some reason the storm seemed less severe to him than it had before.

II.

Christmas Day dawned bright and beautiful. The city was covered with a chaste garment of white, and it was intensely cold, but that only made the day merrier. All over the city glad songs were rising, and fond parents in pleasant homes were watching happy children as they unpacked their toys.

Even in the bare rooms of the poor widow's tenement there was joy and hope as she remembered old Jeffrey Hardegg's parting words of the night before. It was scarcely yet noon, when a knock came at her door. In a trembling voice she called:

"Come in!"

Two men entered, one of whom held a paper out to her. She took it and read it. It was a writ of ejectment.

"Hurry up and git out!" said the man. "I'm a Deputy-Sheriff, and I'm in a hurry to git around home for Christmas. Jest pack up yer duds and git into the street!"

The pleadings of the unfortunate widow and the cries of her young were of no avail.

"Old Hardegg's orders is positive," said the Deputy. "He never makes no mistakes, an' he never shows no mercy."

The widow turned to her little son Tommie, her sole reliance, but he was gone. He had left the room, evidently upon a premeditated errand, so soon as the Deputy-Sheriff had made his business known. It was but a few moments before the unfortunate woman was turned into the cold street, leading her sobbing little ones by the hand.

But what was the spectacle that confronted her? Here was Tommie in a sleigh at the door, bidding her to get in!

"Don't ask any questions," said the boy, in joyous tones, "but get in, with little Mamie and Susie and Willie and Maudie."

The bewildered woman obeyed. The sleigh drove a few blocks up-town, and stopped before a house of far better appearance than the humble tenement she had left, and Master Tommie escorted her up-stairs to a comfortable suite of apartments, where a bright fire was blazing and a splendid dinner was spread.

"What does it mean?" the widow gasped in amazement.

"I'll tell you after dinner," said Tommie, gaily.

What a good dinner it was, and how the children enjoyed it! How

PART OF A LETTER.

DEAR JACK:

Knowing what an ardent sportsman you are, old fellow, I send a box of very fine gunpowder, extra powerful. Be careful about smok—



"FREEZE, FREEZE, THOU BITTER SKY!"

WIGGINS: This cold spell is likely to cause a good deal of suffering and privation, John.

CRABLEY: Yes; I notice young A. Hufferton Griggs hasn't dared to put his cane in his mouth for a week past.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

BOWERY TRAGEDIAN (*dropping his head heavily into his hands*): Let us draw a curtain over this dreadful scene. I can stand it no longer.

A SMALL BOY FROM THE GALLERY: Better drop a scene over the curtain, boss; we can't stand it very much longer, either. (*Loud applause.*)

POOR LO is changing fast. His moc-casins are no longer made on the Last of the Mohicans.

they stuffed their little stomachs with turkey and cranberry-sauce and plum-pudding, and how the widow's eyes opened when Master Tommie displayed a roll of bills after the repast was ended!

"Tell me—tell me what it means!" she cried.

"It means," said Tommie, proudly, "that I stole old Hardegg's clock when he unbuttoned his coat to take out his memorandum book last night, and soaked it at Simpson's for a cold hundred this morning, and got twenty-five more for the ticket."

"My darling, darling boy!" sobbed the widow, as she fell upon her son's neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

And it was indeed a merry Christmas for the Goodenough family.

Frank Marshall White.



A NEW YEAR'S LETTER.

AFTER long silence, dear Jean, you write to your "venerable friend," and ask whether among your New Year resolves you shall include a prohibition of all fiction. "At twenty-two," you say, "I begin to see that I have been living in a Fool's Paradise, and I am not quite sure that I have not built the greater part of it with novels. If my mental furniture is only a useless lot of illusions, I want to get rid of it as soon as possible. If novels are only fairy tales for grown-up boys and girls, why should a sensible woman waste time over them? You have lived thirty years longer than I, and your friends call you happy. Come, be frank with me!"

I can remember very well, Jean, when I felt just as old, restless and unsatisfied as you do now, and it was about thirty years ago. Since then I think I have grown a little younger every year, until I have become a gray-haired and rotund youth, with a fondness for chimney-corners and long pipes and after-dinner naps—and novels. I'll confess this early, so that you may realize what a mistake you made in asking my advice.

People of a certain age know that, until a boy gets well into the twenties, the most interesting thing in the world to him is himself. If he falls in love during this period, it is only a kind of huge fête to his own vanity. He reads fiction to find in it the reflection and glorification of his own qualities. But before twenty-five he wakens to a knowledge of his Fool's Paradise. Then ensues a most unhappy period, when he is deeply disgusted with himself and everybody else—for, conscious of his own absurdity, as a last sop to his egotism, he persuades himself that all the world is equally foolish. This is the period of pessimism, doubt, heroic resolve, and small accomplishment.

But one day, ever to be remembered, a little rift appears in the clouds, and he sees how fair a world the sun is shining upon, and how interesting are the people in it. Before



Very Rude Boy (to party who has slipped): WHAT! DRUNK AGIN? I SAY, OLE CHAP, YER BEGINNIN' THE NEW YEAR WID A WENGEANCE!

he knows it, he is absorbed in watching the glorious and pathetic pageant of life, and sings with a modern poet:

"Easier may I tolerate
My neighbor than myself not hate."

The more absorbed he becomes in others the less he thinks of himself; he has discovered the fountain of contentment, and drank of the waters of perpetual youth. This is his last illusion. Men have wrapped themselves in it, and at the end of fourscore years have laid down to rest in it, with their hearts full of gentle thoughts and a great hope, and their memory gladdened with good deeds.

YOU are laughing, no doubt, at my sermon, but it is the privilege of elderly men to preach. "Yes," you say, "but what has it all to do with my question about novels?" Well, I confess that I like to come around to a text by way of a lot of platitudes, especially when I have a listener so patient and so fair as you. Do you not see that, if life is the most engaging study and the chiefest consolation for the living, the best novels, which are the work of men profoundly interested in life, are a force which makes for happiness?

Your opportunities and mine for seeing much of this fascinating show may be sadly limited by health or circumstance; perhaps we have such a part to play in the ranks that we march wearily along in a treadmill way, and only see the faces in our own battalion. But, in the little halts for rest by the way, around the camp-fire, tired though we be, we may read the reports of our more fortunate comrades who have had a place on the reviewing stand. How it kindles our imagination and warms the cockles of our hearts to feel that we are a part of the great and onward-moving pageant! We have more respect for the men next to us in the ranks after this outlook on the larger life.

So it has happened that the great novelists were men of broad sympathy and tolerance, because they were ennobled by what their faculty of perception revealed to them.

MAY the New Year bring you many friends, among them a chosen company of good books to cheer you always when men are false and women deceitful! *Droch.*



JANUARY FI

JUPITER: WHAT A DISGRACEFUL SCEN

MARS: YES, SIR. HE GETS A LITTLE U



ARY FIRST.

CEFUL SCENE! IS THAT THE EARTH?
A LITTLE UPSET EVERY TWELVE MONTHS.



EVEN MORE NECESSARY.

Indulgent Papa: WHY, MY DEAR, YOU HAD A PARTY LAST MONTH. HOW OFTEN DO YOU WISH TO ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS?

She: THIS ONE IS NOT TO ENTERTAIN MY FRIENDS, PAPA, BUT TO SNUB MY ENEMIES.

REFLECTIONS.



ELLIOT F. SHEPARD is a droll person, and what an extraordinary talent he has for keeping other newspapers busy advertising his! It seems as if every one had finished advertising to him, and suddenly he will say something so remarkable that it fairly clamors to be talked about. What an example he made of himself, for instance over the reception given by Mr. Vanderbilt to St. Bartholomew's new rector. One would have supposed, to read the *Mail* next day,

that the clergy of New York had been outcasts and pariahs until Colonel Shepard's brother-in-law took pity on them.

"Hereafter," exclaimed Elliot, "no snob can turn up his nose at the sacred profession without ruling himself out of society.

"Hereafter, no minister can say that he has not seen the interior of one of the most splendid residences in the world."

The faculties of a man who writes that sort of thing while sober must be disordered by something very nearly akin to

"IL Y A RAISON PARTOUT."

WHEN Strephon 'neath the mistletoe
Was caught ('twas leap-year Christmas-
tide),
And Chloe, in a way not slow,
The necessary kiss supplied,
Why straight to Daphne he did flee,
And put poor Chloe then to shame,
Was not disgust—but just to see
If Daphne wouldn't do the same!

H. E. W.

IN good and regular standing—The man
in the street-car full of women.

HOW HE LOST TIME.

PEDESTRIAN: B-b-boy, can you t-t-tell me how f-f-far it is to the po-po-post-office?

NEWSBOY: What d'ye say, mister?

PEDESTRIAN: I-I-reckon you-you-heard me. How f-f-far is it to the po-post-office?

NEWSBOY: Only half a block, mister. If you hadn't a stopped to ask me you'd a been there a'ready.



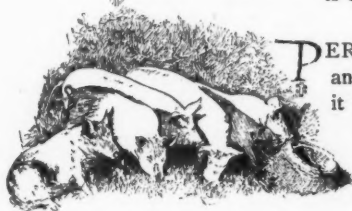
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genius. There is nothing commonplace about them, that is certain!



PERHAPS, apropos of St. James and Depew and difficult situations, it is pertinent to draw attention to Colonel Field's suggestion in the *Chicago News* that the Union League Club of Porkopolis shall invite Mr. Lowell to cast more of his oratorical

pearls before a Chicago audience next Washington's Day.

There is a suggestion of reciprocity, or retaliation, or some sort of getting-even about Colonel Field's proposition which may be better achieved in a different manner. Let Chicago fit out an orator and send him, like bread cast upon the waters, to talk to the Bostonians. When, after many days, she finds him again it will be interesting, and possibly instructive, for her to know his experience and ascertain what he has learnt. We have no doubt that Boston will readily make a date with any Chicago orator who comes with proper credentials.

VERY many astonishing stories are told about the tremendous literature that is to ensue when

ROBERT LOUIS

STEVENSON

GETS

BACK,

and of the colossal sums that are to be paid per yard for it. If the yarns Mr. Stevenson is to spin are as marvelous as those of which he is the subject, they will be worth all the money that report says they are to cost.

IN the great battle between Belmont and Bunny, at last accounts, Bunny was underneath. It has been nip and tuck between the S. P. C. A. and the Association for the Avoidance of Harshness to Swells.

ISN'T there an active man in Chicago who will take up the Panama Canal where M. de Lesseps laid it down and rush it through?

E. S. M.



The —: YES, YES, THE OLD STORY; HE'S BEEN DOING THE SAME THING FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, AND I'VE BEEN KEEPING A PLACE FOR HIM EVER SINCE!

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DOWN WITH HIM!

O WEATHER-MAN! Diurnal pest!
What hideous malice swells your breast
That you should cram a thousand climes
Into one county? Sure the times
Are out of joint, and I'll be blest
If I know whether it were best
To wear an ulster or no vest,
Since you've begun your thermal crimes,
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JEWELER (*smiling*): Certainly.

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GROCER: What do you want, boy?

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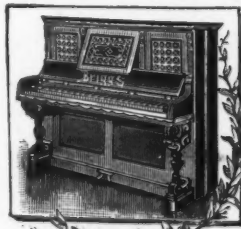
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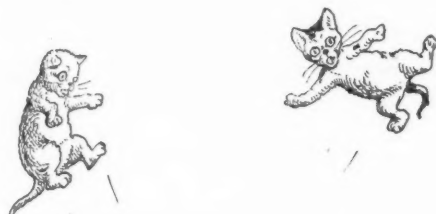
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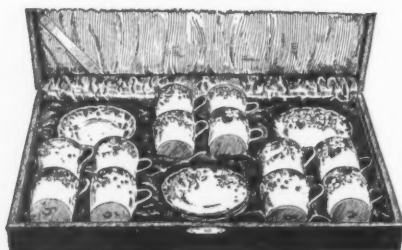
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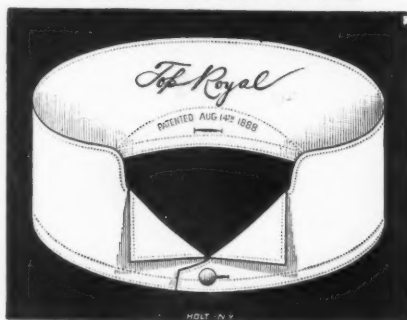
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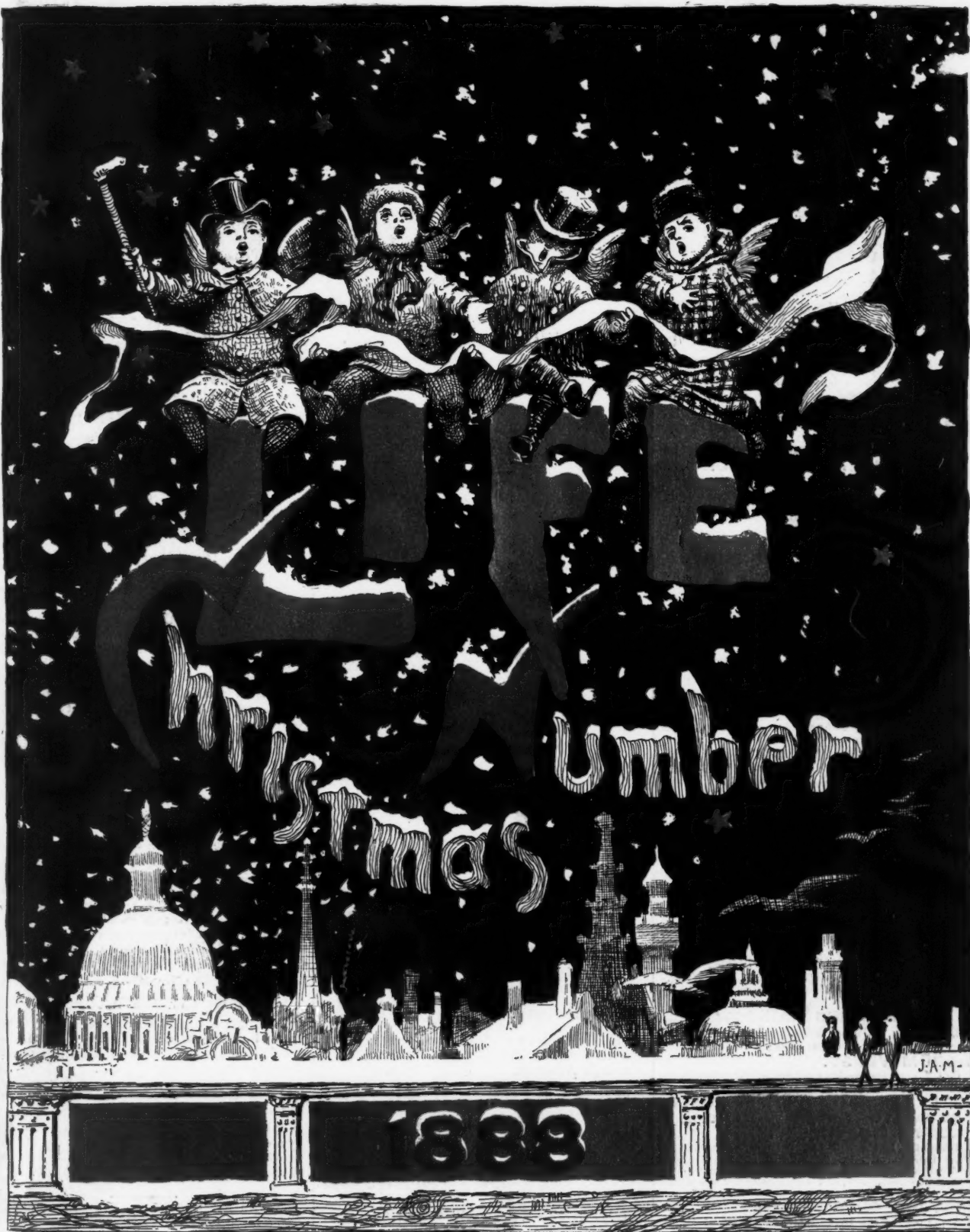
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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.

LIFE

DECEMBER,
1888.



JANUARY sparkles cold,
February glitters;
March comes in a muddy scold,
April sobs and titters.
Tracking close her bridesmaid May,
Blushes June with roses sweet.
Then the smell of new-mown hay,
Then the waves of golden wheat;
Then the sentinel of fall,
Then the wizard month of all.
Then the fireside glows, and then
Christmas comes to earth again.

A Little Word in Your Ear.

FOR all its particular friends
LIFE wishes, as the very finest of Christmas acquisitions, a proper frame of mind. Gifts are well enough in their way, and we hope to make a few, and to take with grateful appreciation all that come to us. Food and drink are very well, as far as they go, and we trust that a fair measure of each may nestle under our waistcoat and send cheerful feelings up into what, with the gentle reader's kind permission, we call our brains. But neither gifts, nor food, nor drink can make a Christmas.

The millionaires, or even the moderately well-to-do, can go down the street and buy all these things, and if they had the making of Christmas in them, Mr. Astor or Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Jay Gould could count with accuracy upon having the most splendid time that ever was. But we know that either of these gentlemen is almost—not quite, but almost—as liable to have a dull day of it as you or I, or the lady on the corner who sells apples, or the gentleman who leaves our morning paper on the doorstep.

Food and drink and gifts are handy things for Christmas; and take care that, so far as lies in you, all the world shall have these things—but they don't make the day. It is the state of mind that does that, and the state of mind that is needed was Tiny Tim's when he said, "God bless everybody!"

Look up or down the street, brethren, there is your neighbor. If you love him, Christmas is a success; if you are



indifferent to him, it is a failure; if you hate him, so far as concerns you, it is a catastrophe.

You may suppose that to love your neighbor is a matter of temperament, or of disposition, or of health. Those things have to do with it. Some men are good-natured because they have strength and a well-gear'd digestive apparatus, and to others the world is what Edwin Arnold calls "liver saddened"; but the Christmas feeling is much more than good-nature, and is not absolutely inconsistent with a reasonable degree of irritability.

Thanks to Thomas Arnold's clever granddaughter, there will be more speculation this year than usual as to whether what happened eighteen hundred and eighty odd years ago was a vital matter to the world, or an event the importance of which has been greatly exaggerated. If

you have never known the Christmas state of mind you may have doubts about the matter; but if you have known it—do know it, perhaps—you will be confident that the tidings that the shepherds heard was news of importance, and that it was on no fool's errand that the wise men came to Bethlehem.

E. S. M.

TO AN EMPIRE CANDLESTICK.

DID you help to fasten a powdered cue,
Or light the way for a naughty patch?
Did you aid in sealing a *billet-doux*,
Or the secret of some sweet love unlatch?

Wm. Clyde Fitch.



THE ADVANTAGES OF SNOW-SHOES.



COULDN'T BE MORE SO.

Miss Emeline: AND SO CAROLINE IS ENGAGED, EH? IS SHE GOING TO MARRY RANK?

Miss Angelina: YES, VERY RANK—A DUKE, I BELIEVE.

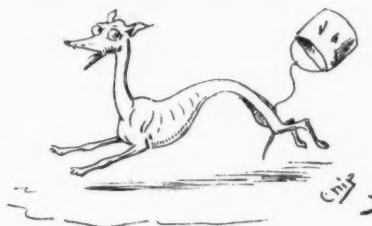
A LIKELY NATION.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN (*dining with the family*): You have never been in England, have you, Bobby?

BOBBY: No, sir; but I think the English must be nice people.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN: And why, Bobby?

BOBBY: Because ma says they make such excellent servants.



ITALIAN, WITHOUT A MASTER.

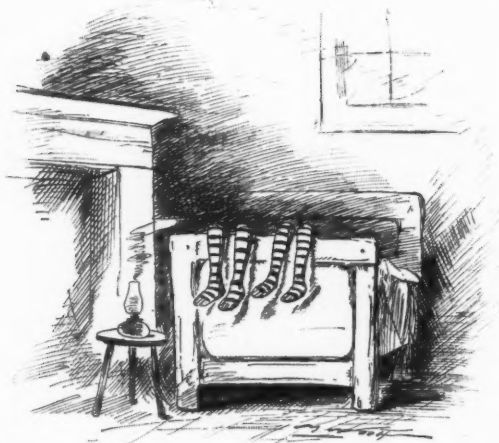
A FINE COUNTRY PLACE.

YOUNG MR. MONTAGUE (*looking over some photographic views of Sandringham*): Why, I declare, Charley, the whole thing is lovely! And so this really represents your country home in Vermont. I certainly must run up and see it!

CHARLEY: Yaas, do, deah boy, but not this year; it's closed for the season, you know!



HAVING NO STOCKINGS TO HANG UP, THEY STRIPE
THEIR LEGS,



AND LEAVE THE LAMP BURNING, SO SANTA CLAUS CAN
SEE THEM. WE HOPE HE WILL!



POSSIBLY BOTH.

She (pointing to organ-grinder and monkey): WHAT A SAD EXPRESSION THAT MONKEY HAS. DO YOU KNOW, GEORGE, THAT I REALLY THINK HE MAY BE SOME UNFORTUNATE ITALIAN COUNT.

George: WHICH ONE?

MUST BE WELL POSTED.

PERIODICAL DEALER: Why don't you subscribe for the daily papers, Mr. Leadnut?

LEADNUT: Aw—a—maw paw left—aw—a gweat mawny newspawpers whawn he doied, yaw know, awnd—aw—Aw hawvaun't had tawme taw wead *them* yet.

A RARE BIRD.

AT THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

"THERE'S the most remarkable man who has been elected into the club this year."

"Indeed! And why?"

"He owns a yacht."

MAGISTRATE: Ten dollars or ten days, Uncle Rastus?

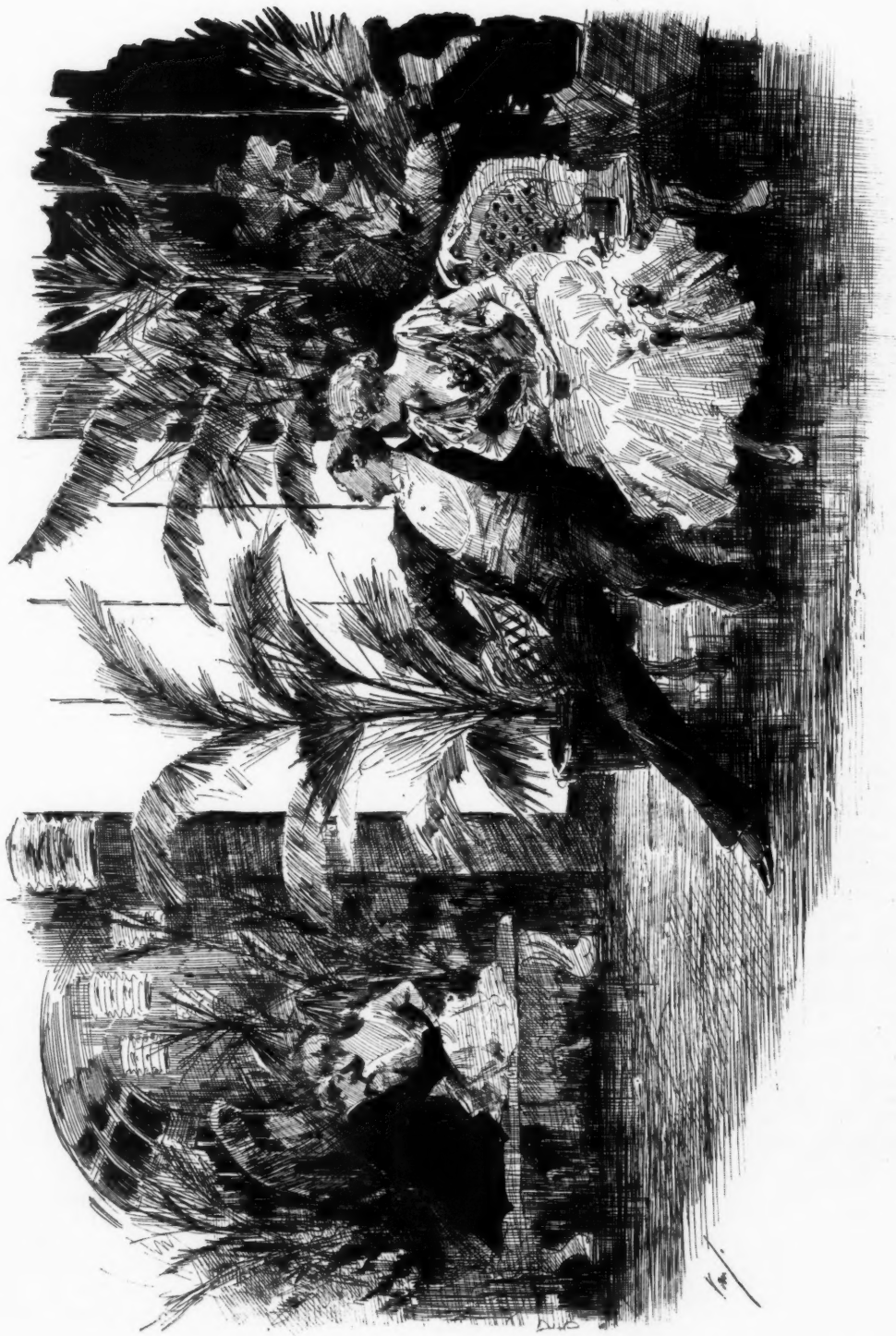
UNCLE RASTUS (*after long thought*): Well, I guess I'll take the ten dollars.

SCHEME TO KEEP OUT MOTHS.

DIGBY: Aw've jawst thawt awf aw scheme taw keep thaw mawths awt awf maw clawthes, daw yaw know?

BIGBY: Whawt is it?

DIGBY: Aw—give awm away—haw, haw!"



HER PECULIARITY.

Miss Kate: SOPHIE IS, AS YOU SAY, A VERY ATTRACTIVE GIRL; BUT DON'T YOU THINK THERE IS SOMETHING MASCULINE ABOUT HER?
Harry (looking attentively): WELL, NOTHING EXCEPT MR. SPINNER'S ARM.



A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF THE HAPPY VALLEY.

MIDWAY between the crisp air and keen intelligence of the North and the lazy breezes of the impulsive South, there is a Happy Valley. It lies in the sheltering arms of two beautiful mountain ranges: the North Mountain peaks are blue and rugged, standing out against the sky with bare, wrinkled, masculine brows; but the South Mountain is a long, wavy line of soft, feminine curves, clad from head to foot in rich velvet—dark and green. "The dwellers in the Happy Valley have long believed that they are watched over by two good Spirits: the genius of the North Mountain is a stern but benignant old man, while the South Mountain is the home of a gracious woman, full of charity and tenderness. Whether the people in the Valley are happy because these kind Spirits really exist, or merely because they *believe* in their existence, has never been determined by the sages who live there. They are content to know that the force of the North wind is broken before it reaches them, and that the scorching sirocco is cooled as it glides over the brow of the Southern hills.

One Christmas Eve, very long ago, the good Spirits looked down on the Valley, which was filled with laughter, good-will and song, that rose up like a flood to the very tops of the mountains, and overflowed into the country beyond.

But there was one gloomy young man there, who sat in a room filled with shadows, and looked out upon a hill-top where the light of the stars showed a windrow of snow on the grave of his best friend.

"How shall we bring cheer to him on Christmas Day?" asked the good Spirits of each other; and far into the night they debated the question, sending messages back and forth so frequently that belated men thought the air was filled with snow.

The old man on the North Mountain insisted that Wisdom would be his best comforter, but the Hamadryad of the South was equally convinced of the power of Love. The end of the long discussion was a compromise, by which both Wisdom and Love were to be offered to the sorrowful young man on Christmas Day.

So it happened that on the morrow the young man's Boston uncle sent him the Best Hundred Books, and his cousin from Virginia arrived, accompanied with a beautiful daughter, whose eyes were like the depths of a pine forest when the sunlight sifts through the boughs.

FOR five years the young man was absent from the Happy Valley. He loved much, he read many books, he traveled and studied in many lands; and when he came home again on Christmas Eve, with wife and children, men called him wise. He was back in the old home, in the shadow-haunted room, looking out in the starlight upon

the grave on the hill. Again the good mountain Spirits looked down upon the Valley and saw his face. There was no gloom in it, neither was there great joy. They could not read the riddle of his countenance, and they filled the air above the Valley with their vain questions.

"Come," said the rugged old Genie of the North, "let us go down into the Valley and talk with this young man who has lived and suffered. We have dwelt on the mountain tops so long that we are out of touch with Humanity."

"I will go with you," said the gentle Hamadryad, "though sympathy and love have always kept me nearer than you to the hearts of the people. My mountain tops are not in the clouds."

So together they drifted into the presence of the young man—strange forms of "mingled mist and light."

"Five years ago I started you on the way of Wisdom," said the grizzled old Genie. "Then you were in the shadow of great sorrow; now I think I see you filled with peace. Tell us—is Wisdom, then, the royal road to happiness?"

When the young man raised his eyes they were full of doubts and ambitions, struggling at the windows of his mind for glimpses of the light. "My friend," he said, "you started me upon an arduous journey. I have toiled on through fog and marsh, without once feeling sure that I was upon the right way. I only know that I have a stouter heart than when I started, and I have courage left to cheer those who reach out their hands to me from the darkness."

"But my gift of Love," said the Hamadryad; "surely, it brought you more of happiness and joy than this?"

"Love," said the young man, "was a precious gift, but it has doubled fate's opportunities to do me harm. Now, more than ever, am I the football of chance, and my capacity for suffering is increased. Love has brought me many things, but not happiness."

"What, then," said the good Spirits together, "have Love and Wisdom brought you that are worth the having?"

"Hope!" he said, while the light of a new day was creeping in at the window and brightening his tired face, "not for myself, but for—"

"Merry Christmas!" the children shouted in glee, as the door swung suddenly open. Their faces were radiant with hope, and in them was the promise of the future. The Genie and the Hamadryad showered blessings on them as they vanished toward the mountain tops.

Droch.

A CAPITAL HEROINE.

EFFIE: I should think Amélie Rives's heroines would suffer dreadfully from cold.

ELSIE: Why?

EFFIE: She clothed one of them with nothing but "silken whisperings."

ELSIE: What was the heroine—a Washington belle?



MOTHER: Come, Freddie, put that baseball record away for the night, and go to bed. Here's your candle; light it and go!

FREDDIE: One strike, two strikes, three strikes—out! Ma, give me another match.

LINES TO AN
OLD PORTRAIT.

J. Forster Jenkins

WHY is it that your pretty lips
Are parted in that merry smile?
Why hide your dainty finger-tips
Within that ugly muff meanwhile?
'Tis strange in looking on your face
For modern man like me, to know
He's gazing at his grandmamma,
Who lived one hundred years ago.

Suppose, while you sit smiling there,
You tell me, as I'd like you to,
The thought that still from year to year
So pleases and amuses you.
Or, better, tell me of your life—
Its joys and laughter, tears and woe;
I think they must have had them then
As now, one hundred years ago.

'Twould be a pleasant thing to hear
You tell of all that happened then,
About your lovers and your friends
Among that ancient race of men.
We've many things that you had not,
But, after all, I do not know—
I think I should have liked it then:
You lived one hundred years ago.

J. Forster Jenkins.



THE LATEST FASHION.

"THE Blimbers seem to have spared no expense to make their daughter's wedding a fashionable event, I see."

"No, indeed. Why, they had four clergymen to officiate, and hired a furnished country-house to perform the ceremony in."

BOND: I just met the tallest man I ever saw who was not on exhibition.

STOCK (who has just made his margins good, and is searching his pockets for lunch funds): Yes, and gaze on me, and you'll see the shortest.

THE STORY OF A WIDEAWAKE SEED AGENT AND TWO REDSKINS.



"THE ANGEL! I WONDER WHAT SHE THOUGHT WHEN SHE RECEIVED THE FLOWERS."

Later:

"ARE YOU THE YOUNG FELLER WHAT SENT ME SOME FLOWERS?"

AN OPINION FROM SQUEEHAWKET.

"I CAN'T see, Abner," exclaimed Aunt Harriet, on her first visit to the city, as she eyed the long array of telegraph poles on Sixth Avenue—"I can't see why these city folks hang their clothes-lines so high. My! just look at that man climb."

"Mebbe it's to keep 'em out o' the smoke," replied Mr. Oatcake; "this Elevated road must make the dryin' powerful hard."

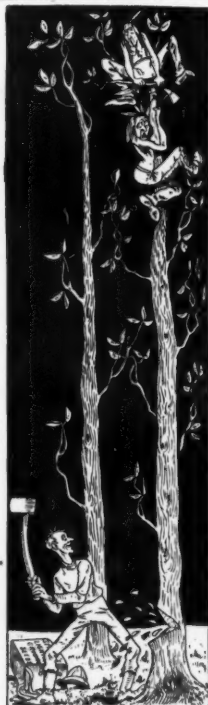


AFTER THEIR RETURN.

The Baronet: I SEE THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

The Lady Frances: IN NEW YORK? FANCY! WE SAW NEW YORK, DIDN'T WE?

The Baronet: WHY, OF COURSE, MY DEAR. WE WERE THERE A WEEK. DON'T YOU REMEMBER AN ENORMOUS TOWN WITH ASH-BARRELS AND GARBAGE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSES?



WHAT THE STAGE-FOLK MAY FIND IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

HENRY IRVING—A pair of symmetrical legs.

MAURICE BARRYMORE—A copy of the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

A. M. PALMER—The thanks of the widow and the orphan.

MME. BERNHARDT—A bottle of Anti-fat.

FANNIE DAVENPORT—A bottle of Anti-lean.

AUGUSTIN DALY—Hand-embroidered text, "Well done, Good and Faithful Servant!"

MARY ANDERSON—A general thawing out.

HENRY ABBEY—Quart bottle of Bings's Radical Cure for Big-Head.

THE CHORUS—The gift of perpetual youth.

MESSRS. BOOTH AND BARRETT—Some of Irving's genius for stage-mounting.

MRS. POTTER—Ability.

JOHN GILBERT—Another fifty years of health and strength.

HARRY MINER—Receipts in full from the nurses he sent to Florida.

COLONEL MCCAULL—A complimentary notice in the New York Times.

FRANCIS WILSON—Another part like *Caddy*.

ADA REHAN—Our best regards.

LITTLE CORINNE—A nomination to the first vacancy in an old ladies' home.

THE GENTLEMEN IN THE BOX-OFFICE—The final interment of all dead-heads.

E. H. SOTHERN—A higher bid.

W. H. GILLETTE—The degree of Master of American Drama.

THE SINGERS AT THE METROPOLITAN—The gallery people put in the boxes, and the box people on the roof.

DE WOLF HOPPER—An honorary catchership in the Giants of 1889.

KYRLE BELLEW—A visitor's ticket to the Tuxedo Club-house.

MRS. LANGTRY—An absolute divorce, bound in plush.

ADONIS DIXEY—Four aces every time.

Metcalfe.

A PENNY saved is often a penny urned in a bank-failure.



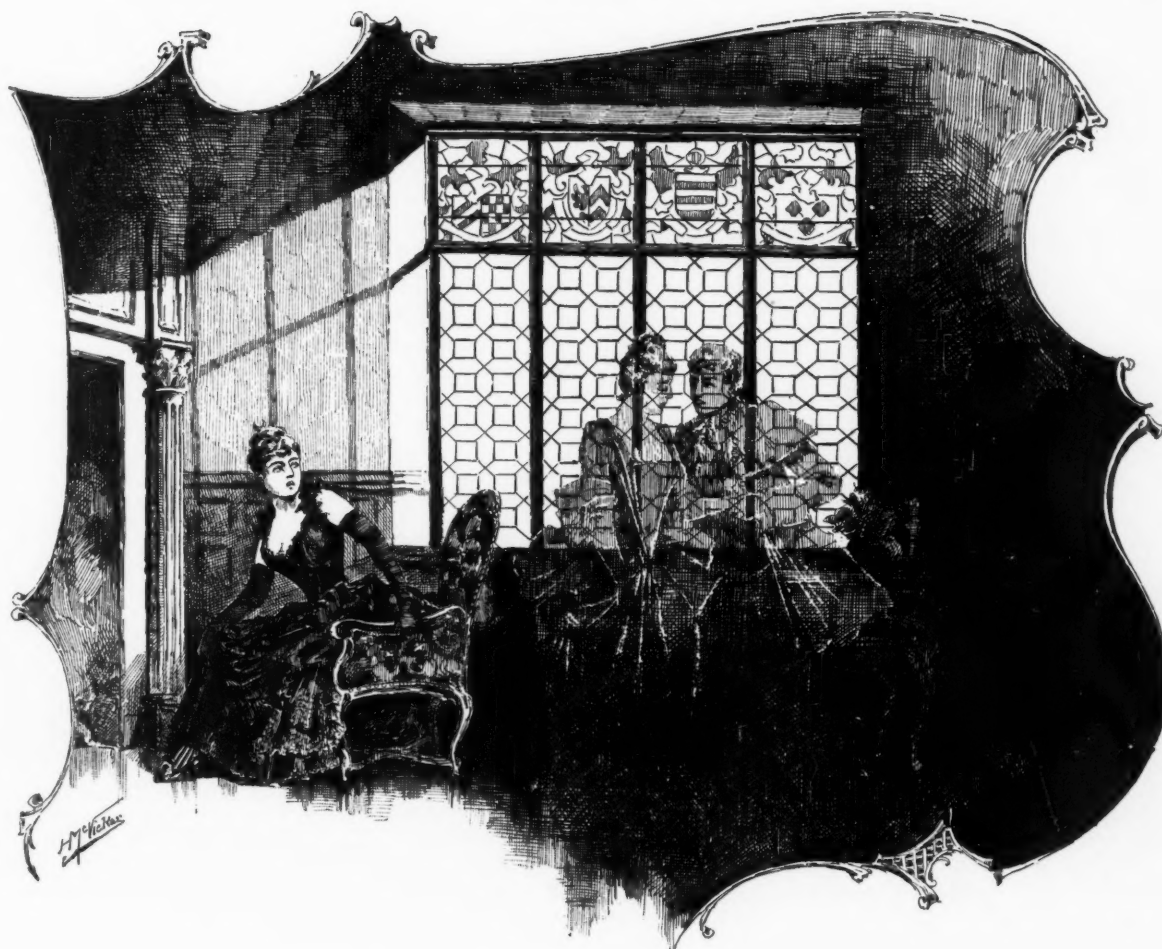


THE PURITANS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS.

I.—THE PILGRIMS' FIRST INDIAN. SAMOSET'S VISIT.

"Friday, the Sixteenth (of March), there presented himself a Savage, which caused an Alarum; he very boldly came all alone, and all along the houses, straight to the Rendezvous, where we intercepted him, not suffering him to goe in, as undoubtedly he would out of his boldnesse; hee saluted vs in English, and bad vs welcome, for he had learned some broken English amongst the Englishmen who came to fish at Monhiggon * * * he was a man free in speech, so farre as he could expresse his minde, and of a seemly carriage, starke naked, only a leather about his wast, with a fringe about a span long. A tall, straight man, the haire of his head black, long behind, only short before, none on his face at all."

Mourt's Relation.



IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

WHERE MARRIAGE WAS A FAILURE.

"PRAY, tell your wife," the housemaid said,
Needless palaver scorning,
"That I intend to leave to-day,
And so, please, give her warning."

"I envy you," the brute replied,
"The right to thus give warning;
Like you, O Maid, I'd pack my trunk,
And leave this very morning!"

Frank H. Stauffer.

WHEN does a man shed his own blood in self-defense?
When he kills a feasting mosquito.

A GAS-MEETER—The lighted match.




A REBUKE.

She: FIE, FIE, MORTIMER! WHEN I WAS POOR YOU SCARCELY RECKERNIZED ME; NOW THAT I OWN A PAIR OF SKATES, AN' MY FATHER HAS A MILK ROUTE, YOUR CONDUCK HAS CHANGED.

XMAS GIFTS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIVER.



SOPHY LIVINGSTON LITTLEHEART: I must select something for Eleanor Featherwaite this morning.

HER FRIEND: What shall it be?

S. L. L.: Oh, I hardly know yet. Nothing very expensive.

HER FRIEND: It's not the value, you know, but the sentiment of the gift that pleases.

S. L. L.: Yes, of course. Besides, Eleanor only sent me a waste-paper basket last year.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RECEIVER.

MRS. FRED'K FEATHERWAITE: What's that, Fred, another parcel?

MR. FRED'K FEATHERWAITE: Yes, "with love and a Merry Xmas," from "Letitia Littleheart."

MRS. F. F.: It's a picture, by the looks. Is it an etching?

MR. F. F.: I think not (*displays it*).

MRS. F. F. (*looking closely*): Why, it's not even an engraving!

MR. F. F.: Rather a pretty thing, though.

MRS. F. F.: I'll hang it in the nursery. Fancy her sending me one of those cheap photographs! It's almost insulting!

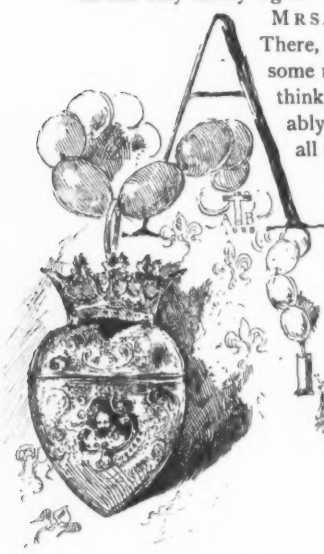
THE MERRY CHILDREN.

MRS. MURRAYHILL: Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?

CELESTE: I happened to say, madam, that I lived with a little boy who had a hundred and four presents one Xmas.

MRS. MURRAYHILL: Well?

CELESTE: Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since, because he has only ninety-eight.



MRS. MURRAYHILL (*soothingly*): There, Harold, dear—you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.

THE WAY IT WAS SENT.

ARTHUR: I've put off my board bill—twenty-five; borrowed ten and hung up my sleeve-buttons for five—that makes the forty. Now for Clara's present.

THE WAY IT WAS ACCEPTED

CLARA'S SISTER: Oh, this must be Arthur's present!

CLARA: Open it, quick! I'm so afraid it won't be from Tiffany.

CLARA'S SISTER: Well, it is!

CLARA (*critically*): Yes, so it is. It isn't a case, though; only a box. That's awfully shabby!

CLARA'S SISTER: But see what's inside! A lovely necklace!

CLARA (*coldly*): I don't call that very lovely. A last year's design, not half as rich as Polly Thurston's. I think Arthur was very skimpy indeed!

IN THE LITERARY CIRCLE.

MRS. BELLES-LETTRES (*to visitor*): What a charming idea, Miss Penner! You must put me down for twenty-five dollars. I wish it were more. No, don't tell me I am generous; it is a positive privilege to be allowed to join in offering a testimonial to such a great, noble heart as dear Madam Bas-Bleu. Do make the gift worthy the recipient. Call on me again if you don't get all the funds you need. I am so much obliged that you let me share in this pleasure. Good-bye, my dear! Hadn't we a refreshing, ennobling session yesterday? Good-bye!



MRS. BELLES-LETTRES (*solus*): That was a blow! Just after paying so enormously for that *édition de luxe* for Professor Vellum. The children will get cheap gifts, that's all, and I shall send no box home. It rankles, though, to give twenty-five dollars to that conceited, pedantic, insufferable Bas-Bleu! But she must be conciliated, and that tiresome Belle Penner is her toady and satellite. She'd tell her just *what* and just *how* everybody gave. And now to finish my essay for to-night. This peroration begins well (*reads*):

" 'Tis earth's winter time, but the glorious summer of the heart! While the yule-log burns, the ice of selfishness, hatred and malice disappear, and charity, warm and glowing, fills the breast. Steep yourselves in it, oh, ye men and women! for the chill may come again when the ashes whiten."

That's a fine period, I declare. Bas-Bleu herself will be forced to admire that.

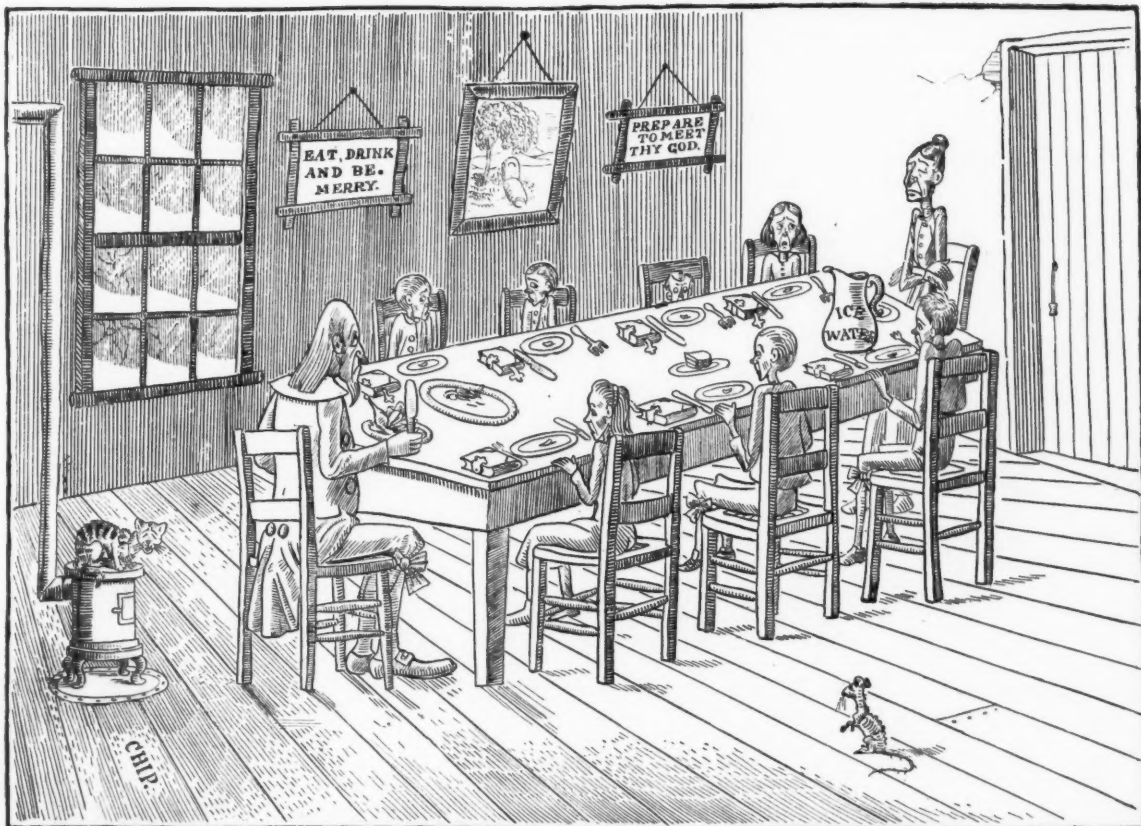
Philip H. Welch.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

OLD LADY (*to grocer's boy*): What makes the price on them potatoes so stiff, boy?

GROCER'S BOY: It's because there's so much starch in 'em, mum.

AN American millionaire can eat in good French, even if he is unable to converse in that language.



FROM A RARE PRINT.

SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

SEEING THE SIGHTS.

MISS PORCINE, of Chicago, has been showing her guest from the East through her father's enormous establishment.

"How wonderful it all is!" exclaimed the guest.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Porcine. "And now we will go to the slaughtering department—that is too fascinating. It's just lovely up there!"

THE origin of the expression "Raining cats and dogs," is probably the same as "Hailing omnibuses."

MISTRESS: How did you get that flour on your face, Abby?

NURSERY MAID (colored): Dat ain' no flow, dat ain'; dat am powdah fer mer perfection.

A WARD OF SOCIETY—McAllister.

EVERY dog has his day. The bark has a wake.

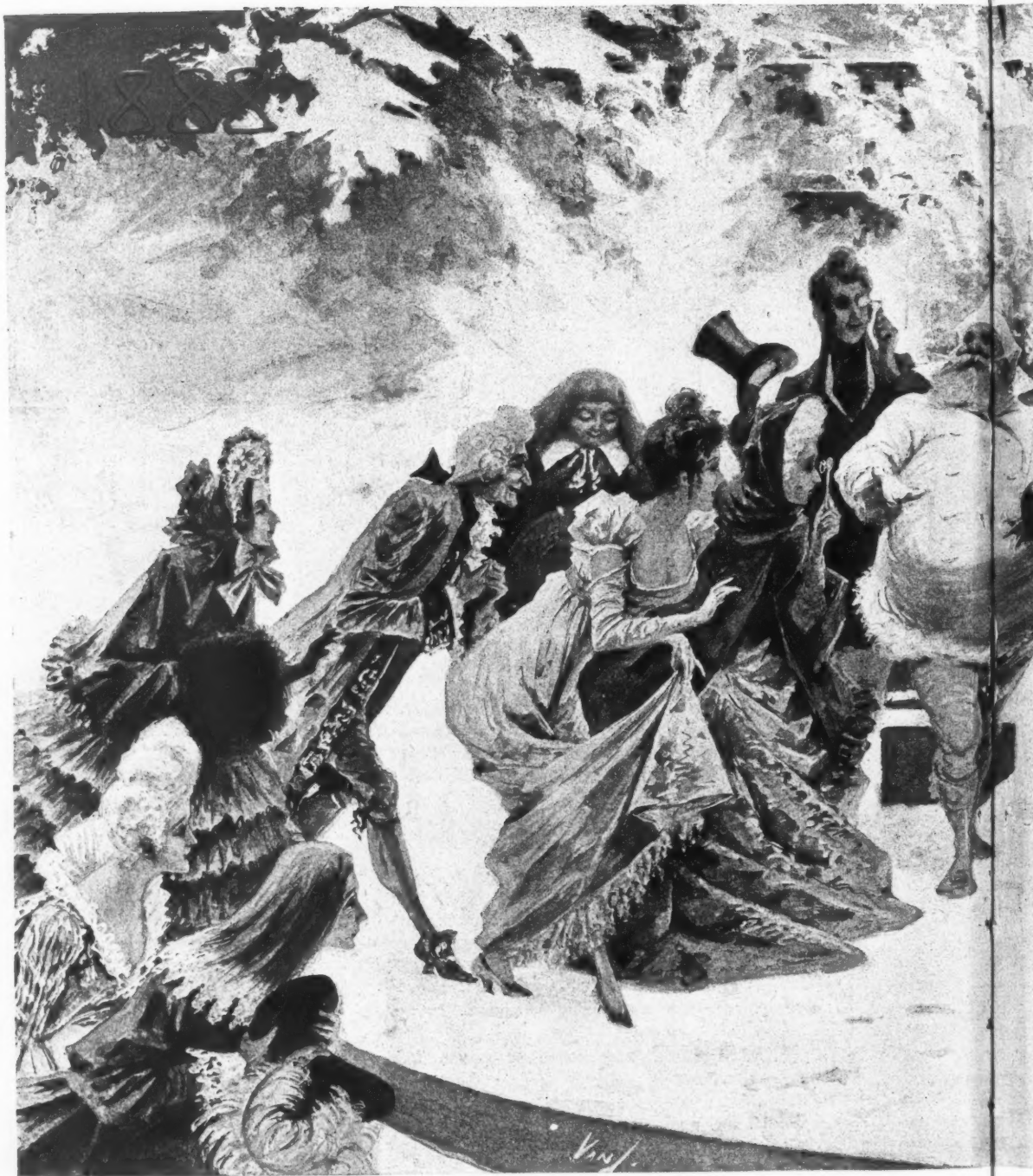


AN AZTEC FRAGMENT.

THIS scornful Aztec maiden has declined An alliance with this man who long hath pined. Says she: "Your house is much too small. Oh, no, you'll never do at all!"

"She makes the fourth," he says, "of that rejective mind."





LIFE ·



AT THE CLUB RECEPTION.

GUEST (*to quiet man in dress suit*): That's a charming *morceau*; by Tosti, is it not? I haven't much of an ear for music.

QUIET MAN (*looking at the buffet*): No, sir; that was got up by Pinard. Lunch'll be served at 10.30, sir.

HIS REASONS.

ONE of our Hibernian police was taking in a refractory prisoner, whom he had pounded until he was out of breath, and then attempted to reason with him as follows:

"It is not because I hates you I bates you, but because I have the authority to do so."

LOGICAL.

"BOY!"

"Mum?"

"Stop that noise! Do you want to deafen us?"

"Yes'm; then you won't mind the noise."

WHAT is the difference between the manner of your wife when you come home late from the club, and the man who tells your creditor that you are able to pay him?

The former is a lawful ire, while the latter is an awful liar.

THE following sign stands in front of a market in Scranton, Pa.:

"CHICKENS ALIVE AND DRESSED."



WHOM THE GODS LOVE DYE YOUNG.

LINES TO LALAGE.

SINCE Horace, in your beauty's praise,
Sweet one of bygone Roman days,
Attuned his skillful lyre,
So many years have slipped away,
You're but a memory to-day,
Although you did inspire
The muse of him whose nimble wit
Mæcena's eye with laughter lit.

You ask why I invoke your name—
Who, in this age of prosal aim,
The tripping iambs rhyme?
Forsooth, because a modern maid
Is fonder of the lyre that played
In your Augustan time
Than any strain that I may sing,
Whate'er the changes that I ring.

And so I've deemed, perchance, if I
Should hymn your praise and sadly sigh
That I did not exist
When you in blooming beauty trod
Some Roman garden's dewy sod,
I might her thought enlist,
Who pours into my envious ear
That "Horace is an awful dear!"

Now, don't be jealous, will you, pray?
It's only her provoking way,
And I am quite inclined
To think that when, at your fair shrine
She sees me offering many a line,
She'll change her wayward mind,
And tread upon a different track—
Then you can have your Horace back!

Bissell Clinton.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

"AH," said Mr. Scourplate grimly, as he adjusted his necktie, "We 'ave to put hup with the airs of these society people hall day; but when evenink comes, me boy, they show wot the truly genteel is by puttink on the dress that we wear all day!"

"That's so," replied Mr. Crumbcloth, with a grave nod; "You 'ave a great 'ead, Tummus; we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."

"WHEN I was in England," remarked Chinner, "I saw the crack drum-and-fife corps of the country, led by the Earl of Fife himself."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Papa, the prefix "trans" means across, doesn't it?

OLD HOPEFUL (*delightedly*): Yes, my son; as in transatlantic, which means across the Atlantic.

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Well, then, transparent means a cross parent, doesn't it?

IN THE CABIN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I simply *detest* him, and it was my intention to let him know it in this interview and put an end to it all, but circumstances made it *awfully* hard for me. . . ."



YE KNYGHTE-MARE.

A POST-MORT-D'ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

Ye log burns low, ye feaste is donne,
Twelve knyghtes of ye Table Rounde
Slyde down fromme ye benches, one by one,
And snore upon ye ground.

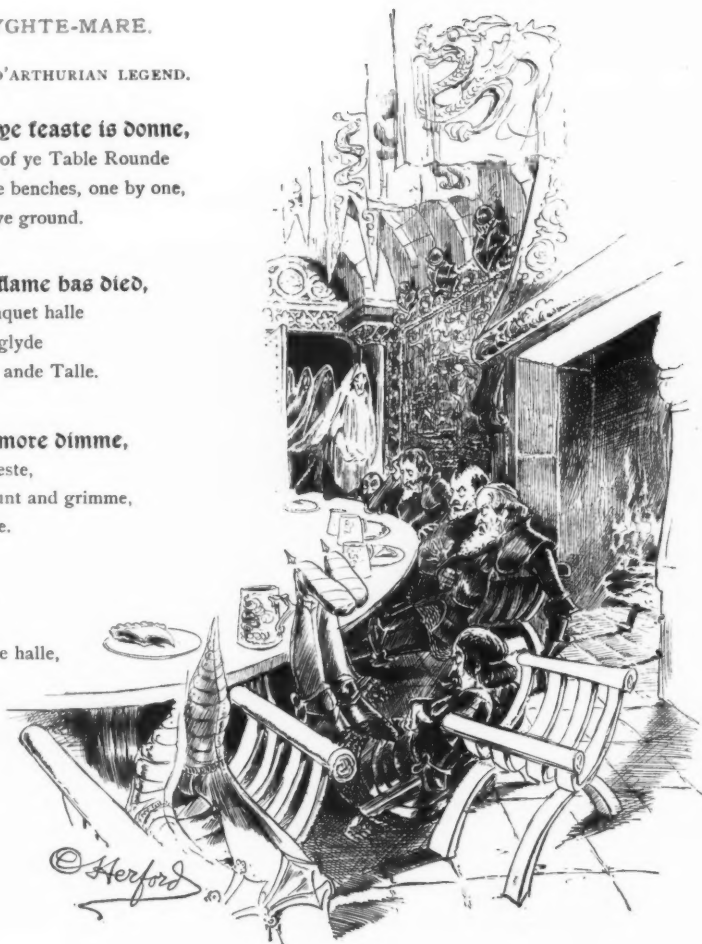
Ye log to a dimme blue flame has died,
When ye doore of ye banquet halle
Is opened wide, and in there glyde
Twelve spectral Haggas ande Talle.

Ye log burns dimme, and che more dimme,
Loud groans each knyghtlic gweste,
As ye ghoste of his grandmother, gaunt and grimme,
Sitts on each knyghte hys cheste.

Ye log in peeces twaine doth falle,
Ye daye beginnes to breake,
Twelve ghostlie grandmothers glyde from ye halle,
And ye twelve goode knyghtes awake.

Ande ever whenne Mynce Pye was placed
Atte ye table frome thatte daye,
Ye Twelve knyghtes crossed themselves in hayste
Ande looked ye other waye.

O. Herford.



CHRISTMAS IN THE PANTRY.

Some Results from our Instantaneous Camera.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ACCORDING TO LENGTH.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE (*to husband, who says he knows how to cook*): How long do you broil a chicken, Edwin?

EDWIN: Oh—er—how long is the chicken?



ONE CHRISTMAS MORNING THIS BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN TOOK A STROLL THROUGH THE POVERTY-STRICKEN PORTION OF OUR GREAT CITY, AND, SEEING A LITTLE GIRL GAZING WISTFULLY AT A DOLL IN A WINDOW, PURCHASED IT FOR HER, AND WENT ON HIS WAY, FEELING ALL THE BETTER FOR THE HAPPINESS HE HAD GIVEN THE LITTLE SOUL.

A GOOD SNEEZE.

AH—

A-AH—



-TCHEW!-



BUT HE HAD NOT PROCEEDED VERY FAR ON HIS JOURNEY, AFTER THE ACTION RECORDED ABOVE, BEFORE HE DISCOVERED THAT HIS GIFT HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THE GAUNTLET HE HAD TO RUN IN CONSEQUENCE WAS VERY TRYING.



THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

Tommy (at his first ballet): OH, MAMMA! WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Mamma (after glancing at programme): THIS REPRESENTS THE "CELESTIAL REALMS."

Tommy (in great excitement): WHY, THIS IS HEAVEN! IT'S LOTS JOLLIER THAN I THOUGHT!



GOING BEFORE THE BAR.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF A LAWYER WHO THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE BEAR'S MEAT FOR HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER AND AFTERWARDS CHANGED HIS MIND.

HE STRUCK A BARGAIN.

OLD MRS. BENTLEY: Josiah, there comes a shabby-looking old man with a bundle on his back, and I think we ought to do something for him.

OLD MR. BENTLEY: I'm willing, Mariar.

OLD MRS. BENTLEY: I say, old man, if you'll come into the house I may be able to find some decent clothing for you.

OLD MAN (*gratefully*): Thank you, mem.

OLD MRS. BENTLEY (*in the house*): Now, there's a lot of cast-off clothing that my husband doesn't want.

OLD MAN (*examining the lot very carefully*): Vell, I gif you tree dollar fur the lot, und, so help me, not von cent more.

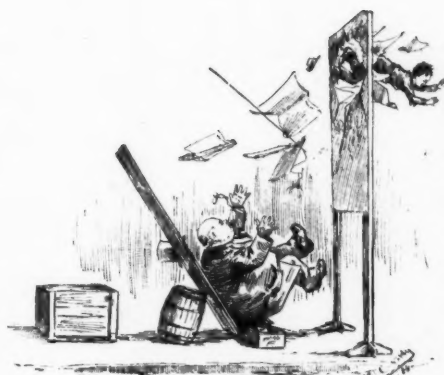
OLD MRS. BENTLEY: But, sir, I want to give you the clothing.

OLD MAN (*looks over the lot again, very carefully*): Vell, I tell you vot I do: I dake em.

SOME FUN WITH AN OLD GENTLEMAN.



"WON'T HE JUMP!"



HE JUMPS.

CLIPPINGS.

ACTOR: How did your people like *Hamlet* last night?

WESTERN MANAGER: Oh, pretty well; but I heard several of them say it would never be a big success until you wrote a tank scene in somewhere.—*Texas Siftings*.

GUS: Do you carry two watches, Jack, or is that double chain a bluff?

JACK: No bluff, Gus. I carry a Waterbury in one pocket and a Jurgensen in the other.

GUS: What's that for?
JACK: When a man to whom I owe money asks me the time I consult my Waterbury, but when a stranger or a lady wants the same information, it's the Jurgensen that gives it, and don't you forget it!—*Epoch*.

THE TWO BOY'S BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

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OR,

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• LIFE •

ST. NICHOLAS for '89

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The editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, calls it "an all-around-the-world year," because it is to contain a great number of stories and papers about the world in general. Of course the bulk of the contents, as heretofore, will relate to American subjects; but young America is always glad to learn what goes on in the world outside, and these stories and descriptive papers are not of the dry geographical order, and they will be strikingly illustrated by the best artists. We have space here for only a few of the most prominent announcements.

America.

"Little Saint Elizabeth," by Mrs. Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Routine of the Republic," the practical workings of the Government; "The Loaf of Peace," by Octave Thanet; a serial story for girls by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The Young Naturalists," "How to Become a Curve-Pitcher," "Amateur Photography," "The Girls' Crusade," Indian Stories, "Boys and the National Guard," School Stories, Scientific Papers, etc., etc. "The Bells of St. Anne," a serial about Canada. South American Stories—"A Railroad in the Clouds"; "Indians of the Amazon," by Mrs. Frank R. Stockton, etc.

Europe.

Life in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen; "Holland and the Dutch," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. F. Harrison Smith, R. N.; "The Winchester School"; "English Railway Trains." French papers include "Ferdinand de Lesseps" and "The Journal of Marie Thérèse." There are several stories about Germany, stories of Russian children by David Ker, papers on Italian art, articles on European armies, etc.

Asia.

Yan Phou Lee writes of "Boys and

Girls in China," and "Some of John Chinaman's Inventions" are described. Mrs. Holman Hunt will contribute a series on Home Life in the East; and there will be papers on Siam, several on Japan, including "Ten Weeks in Japan" and "Seeing the Real Mikado."

Africa.

"The White Pasha," by Noah Brooks, a sketch of Henry M. Stanley; "How an American Family Lived in Egypt"; "Sailor-Boy Dromios," a story of the Siege of Alexandria; "A French Flat in the Wilds of Africa."

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